CONVERSION OF CAROLINE MERRITT

(By Harriet Caryl Cox.)

Lyford Merritt was certainly a most exasperating man. In this, for a wonder, the whole village concurred, with the exception of his wife. She maintained silence on the subject, which was best, perhaps, inasmuch as she was the cause of it all.

"He, —— he's the most down-trodden and meek sort o' man you ever set eyes on, and it ain't right that it should be so," Mrs. Blake declared, as Lyford Merritt, then under discussion, shuffled along the dusty road. "It's dreadful to see a man so suppressed," she sighed. "It ain't nature one bit.

"Some men are born meek and would rather a woman 'd go ahead and boss the house and him too, and then you don't blame 'em, but Lyford ain't that kind. 'Fore his wife got hold of him he used to be as up and coming as any one."

A slight flush spread over her thin cheeks as she felt a critical glance upon her.

"That was the time he came a-courting you, I s'pose?" her guest remarked blandly. "I always heard you had some sort of words, and then he took up with the new school teacher and married her right away 'fore your face and eyes."

Mrs. Blake beat her cake vigorously. "He ain't done nothing but be set on ever since," she declared at length, "so what's so exasperating. No man with any natural stand-up to him, ought to give in the way he does. That's what's the trouble. He seems to think it's all right."

She poured the cake into a tin and shoved it into the oven and shut the door with a bang.

"We've all had spells of talking to him," she went on, "but there, it ain't no earthly good. He always sits so good natured and kind 'o nods his head as if agreeing, and when you come to stop, he looks up with his blue eyes and says, 'well, well, you don't understand. It may seem kind 'o hard sometimes to outsiders, Mis' Blake, but then you see, she's got the nerves.'

"Nerves," scornfully. "As if any of us couldn't get up that kind 'o nerves if we wanted to. It's a mighty nice way to rule the house. When her husband wants to do anything or not do anything, it's always nerves. She can't stand this and she can't stand that, and she won't even let him sit down at the table in his shirt sleeves, 'cause that makes her nervous too. I was there once when he most forgot, and the look she gave him was something awful. Ben said he got divorced right away if he had such a wife.

"But Lyford, he just stands it always, and it's terrible exasperating."

She gave another glance out of the window. Lyford Merritt was not in sight. Unconscious of his neighbor's scrutiny and comment, he slowly crossed the stubbly field and made his way to the barn. There he deposited the packages from the store, and then went to the woodpile. He seemed in a sort of a brown study and his movements were uncertain.

"It ain't right for a man not to be master in his own house," he ruminated as if the sentiment had just been impressed upon his mind. "It really ain't, and I am going to assert myself."

The thought caused a stick to drop from his arms. He hastily picked it up with a backward glance over his shoulder.

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt Caroline for anything in this world. Of course, I wouldn't. She's a good wife, a very good wife to me, and I'm thankful I've got such a good wife, and I hope I make her a good husband."

He paused and slowly laid two more sticks onto his burden and walked towards the woodhouse.

"And I've been thinking that perhaps it ain't good for her to have me always giving into her," he continued as he returned for a second load. "I read somewhere the other day that women was like horses. They like to have their own way long's they can, but when you make 'em mind they go all the better. Not that I should ever try and make Caroline mind——" He paused aghast —— "but perhaps if I kinder took things for granted that she wouldn't mind my doing more things, I could do 'em and she'd like it.

"I'm going to try anyway."

It was undeniable that Lyford Merritt's heart beat somewhat faster than usual as it neared 2 o'clock on the following afternoon. The Town Committee had ordained to have an extra meeting. It was usually held at the Perkins', but Mrs. Perkins was sick and so Lyford had generously asked them to come there.

A few had already gathered and were sitting in the shade of the big elm. Others could be seen coming down the road.

"I suppose we might as well go in, seeing there are so many of us already," Lyford remarked.

It was an unwritten law that the meetings of the committee should always be held in some parlor or the church vestry. It was not compatible with the dignity of the committee to meet in barns or shops, as did other organizations.

The men sprang up, and Lyford led the way to the front of the house, where they greeted the others. They stood a moment and chatted, while a few straggled up, then Lyford put his hand on the door.

It refused to open. He made several attempts, but it would not stir. He grew red in the face with the exertion.

"It's unlocked all right," he declared, "because I saw to that this morning. You see we don't use it very often and that's the reason why. I'll go inside and see if I can start it."

He left the men and skirted the house, avoiding the kitchen windows and stealing in the back way, where he removed his shoes and quietly passed through the upper rooms and down the front stairs, when he put on his shoes again.

He managed to open the door. It stuck, but he had forgotten that it opened in. In fact he never remembered having opened it at all before.

The men filed into the stuffy parlor. Some one suggested that the windows be opened. Lyford stared for a moment. There were no screens in the windows.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, with a deal of energy. "Of course. I meant to have them open and forgot. Mrs. Merritt has been very busy or she would have attended to it for me."

His blue eyes twitched and he drew a deep breath as he pushed up the windows and flung back the blinds. He saw a dozen flies dart in, and he gave a quiet chuckle. His emancipation had begun.

The meeting opened with its usual solemnity, but soon it grew exciting and there was a busy hum of voices. The men had removed their coats and had swung light draperies from chair backs, the family Bible on the marble center table made an excellent desk for the presiding officer, and ballots and papers were liberally distributed over the floor; some of the men were smoking.

Lyford was making a speech. It was a very excellent speech, on the freedom of the individual. His audience was interested. Suddenly there was a hush. He turned and Mrs. Merritt stood in the doorway. Lyford gave a little gasp. The eyes of the men were upon him, and he straightened visibly.

"The meeting of the committee, you know, my dear," he explained, with the faintest tremor in his voice. "I trust we have not disturbed you." His eyes were a bit beseeching.

Several of the men were on their feet. One was struggling into a coat. Mrs. Merritt did not reply. Her keen brown eyes swept the room and a peculiar smile settled on her face.

"I was going to suggest"—Lyford made the great effort of his life—"I was going to suggest, seeing it is so very warm, that we prepare some sort of refreshment for the gentlemen, Caroline."

There was a note of inquiry in his voice. His wife turned, and with a hurried excuse he followed. A nervous laugh from one of the men broke the tension of the moment.

"We shall have to give him an office," some one suggested.

He was gone some time, and then his wife returned with him. He carried a big pitcher of iced tea, while she bore a platter of spice cake and jumbles, which she afterward supplemented with a loaf cake and pickles.

It was a very social intermission that followed. Mrs. Merritt made herself very charming and Lyford was in the highest spirits. Then she retired and the meeting went on. Lyford was nominated for School Committee. He accepted of course. His wife had never allowed him to run before. It would make her nervous to think of the responsibility.

At 6 the meeting broke up. Lyford escorted them to the gate and watched them as they passed from sight. Then he slowly returned to the house, gave a long look at the disordered room, closed the door and shuffled off to the shed. There he sat for several moments and drew hard on his old pipe.

The supper bell rang. At the sound, he hastily started for the door. His hand was on the latch, then he hesitated, his hand dropped and he returned to the bench, sat down and ran his fingers through his hair.

The bell rang a second time. He laid his pipe down carefully, arose, gave his vest a pull, settled his hat firmly on his head and steadfastly walked into the kitchen.

His wife was sitting by the table, pouring the tea.

He hesitated a moment. She looked very pretty as she sat there—prettier than usual, somehow. Perhaps she had on a better dress.

"Was your meeting successful?" she queried, her eyes on the amber liquid.

"Very," he replied as he crossed the room to where his coat hung on the wooden peg. "They nominated me for School Committee."

"You will make a good one," she said. "They ought to put good men in office."

He stared at her back. "I'm sorry the parlor——" he began.

"You needn't be," she broke in sharply. "I guess——" She set the teapot down, and arising carefully walked around the table and set it down at her husband's place. "I guess that a man has a right to do as he wants to in his own house."

She glanced at him proudly. One arm was in his coat sleeve.

"It's pretty warm," she remarked, seating herself again, "and, Lyford, perhaps you'd be more comfortable if you didn't put your coat on."

He sent a keen glance in her direction, and his blue eyes twinkled. Mechanically he replaced the coat and took his seat at the table opposite her.

"I think that I should," he replied.

GROWTH OF THE SONG BUSINESS

The Large Incomes Made By Writers and Publishers.

(New York Sun.)

"The publishing of popular s——" s'aid a song writer, "is an impo——at American industry. At least five big houses are interested heavily in the popular song business, with offices in New York and several other cities, and they give employment to hundreds of persons. There are several printers who print songs almost exclusively; more paper is consumed in a year in the business than is used by many newspapers, and many thousands of dollars are spent yearly for advertising. Few good songs come today from England, which once practically supplied the market, but American songs are sold there in large numbers and thousands of copies go every year to Germany. All this is a comparatively recent development. Fifteen years ago there was little money in the popular song business, but today there is a fortune in it for a man with two or three catchy songs, a little money and brains.

"The man who wrote the words and music of 'Break the News to Mother' is credited with having made $20,000 out of it. He is his own publisher, and has his headquarters in a western city and offices in New York and two other cities. He writes three or four songs a year, publishes half a dozen or so of the songs of other writers, and is in receipt of an income that is very close to $35,000. Yet hardly six years ago, when he wrote 'After the Ball,' he was unknown and poor. He is said to have offered that song for almost nothing to several firms, and at last could only get it published by borrowing money and printing it himself. It became very popular and its success made its author.

"The oldest firm in the business started a dozen years ago in a little store in which there was scarcely standing room for a desk and piano. The father and sons who composed the firm worked hard for success and got it, and today they occupy a three-story building and do a yearly business of $100,000. A few years ago two young men wrote a tearful song, entitled, 'My Mother Was a Lady,' and published it with gratifying success. They have written four songs since then, but the publishing of other people's songs keeps them so busy now that they have little time to write themselves. Lately they have removed into new and larger quarters, and apparently are making a good deal of money. Yet only a few years ago they were unknown men, with a few hundred dollars of capital.

"About eighteen months ago a man who is now perhaps the most popular song writer in the country, had his first song sung by a minstrel company. Its success encouraged him to stick to the business, and he has written since that time nearly a hundred songs. After having made the fortunes of two publishing houses, he became associated about four years ago with two young men with enterprise and some capital, and the success of the three partners is amazing. If the removal from small offices to large quarters is a sign of success, then this firm is enjoying it. One of its rivals is a man who writes as well as publishes. He started out for himself about the time his 'Rastus on Parade' was written, and has followed up that great hit with 'A Georgia Camp Meeting,' which, arranged as an instrumental piece, is a wonderful success, and will probably be played for years. The man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the management of one of the newer boxers is in the popular song business, and has managed to score a hit with each of the six songs he has written. He was not so well known three years ago, and he had very little money then to back fighters with, too. Today it is different, and his income from songs is a handsome one. The newest firm of publishers has been in business hardly a year, but it has issued several hits and will end the year with a big profit.

"The position today of the song writer is far better than it used to be. There was a time when he sold his songs outright for $10 or $15, and was glad to get that much, for if they were published on royalty he seldom saw a cent of what was due to him. Now, there are no irresponsible publishers, and a writer receives so many cents a copy on all copies sold of his songs. There are, perhaps, twenty men who make every year at the present time more than $2,000 by writing songs, and a few of them average $7,500. It will be seen that the writing and publishing of popular songs is a profitable business."

Worse Than Strong Drink.

(Puck.)

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville)—What is the matter, Amabel? You seem agitated.

Mrs. Desolate (distractedly)—Oh, Ferdinand! Hurry into the kitchen and calm the cook! There's an oil coming through the cold water faucet and she thinks she has the delirium tremens.

BIG MAN INTERVIEWED

Reginald Quiver's Talk With Millionaire Rockefeller.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

AMUSING TALE OF A STREET CAR TALK.

Rockefeller Says He Began Life As Soon as He Was Born and Tells How He Introduced Sewing Machine Oil In New York and Became Rich.

My interview with Mr. Rockefeller was peculiar. I saw him on the back platform of a cable car, and I was on the front platform of the one immediately following. My motto is "Now or never"—I have it embroidered on the band of my derby—so I hailed him.

"When do you get off?"

"Not until some of these people move," said he.

The great millionaire was so hemmed

"Strong Man That I Was, I Sat Down and Wept."

in by the usual crowd of home returning New Yorkers that I didn't wonder at his doubt of ever being extricated from his cramped position, but I said:

"It's only an illustration of how democratic our institutions are. In Europe you would be in a cab"——

"As it is," he shouted back, "I'm in 96 cents."

The crowd on the car roared at the joke, which made me think that they must know he was a millionaire. The motorman on my car said, "a mc's alay amused. I've hard that joke ever since I was innocent."

"Can you give me an interview?" I yelled at the millionaire.

"Upon what subject?" said he.

"Upon the secret of your success. I'm Quiver, and I'm doing the Big Men series."

He took off his hat to me, and as near as I can remember, for I never take notes, and I have a shocking memory, he said:

"I began life as soon as I was born, following the custom of my native state. My father was well-to-do. When I was 16 he took me into his study and asked me whether I wished to become a self-made man or should he make me. I reflected that a self-made man was more apt to be rich than one who was ready made, and so I told him that I guessed I'd undertake the job myself. He immediately told me to give up all the money I had on hand and launch myself upon the sea of life, after choosing what kind of success I would navigate. I rejected the log cabin, the towpath and the village school teacher methods, because they were not alliterative."

"What do you mean by alliterative?" I shouted. The cars made such a noise that it was hard to hear him, but your true interviewer minds nothing except his superior and I have none.

"Why, my name is Rockefeller, so I wanted to get a trade beginning with R, as I intended, even at that early age to get out an autobiography even if I had to write it myself, to be sold on the subscription plan. "Rockefeller, the

"I CAME OUT ON TOP."

Cabin Boy," wouldn't sell worth a cent, but 'From Rags to Rockefeller' would go like hot cakes. Think of the autobiographies that have sold well and you will find that they have been alliterative. 'From Cabin to Cabinet,' 'From Pigsticker to President,' 'From Topath to Tophet'—all alliterative. Well I cast about for some lucrative employment that began with R, but rags and rubies were the only things that I could think of, so I decided to try oil"——

"It's been tried before," said I, but nobody laughed except the motorman. I am not a millionaire.

"Well, how can you give an alliterative title to your book?" I shouted.

"It's dead easy, 'Only an Oil King.' There are more ways than one. Well, I determined to begin at the bottom of the business, according to Hoyle, so I went down in a spouting oil well to master the rudiments. It was slippery work, but I came out on top, as I generally do. At the end of the first year what I didn't know about oil wouldn't make a grease spot. You see, I burned the midnight oil, which I got for nothing, and I studied all the Standard works on the subject. One day I noticed that the gas supplied to the residents of the large eastern cities was not up to the Standard, so I decided to run pipe lines connecting all the large cities with the oil wells, and thus consumers could have oil instead of gas. For one solid year I worked at laying pipes, the only help I had being some lobbyists who were friends of mine, and who knew something of pipe laying, and, after the pipes were laid as far as Hoboken, and I was about to taste the fruits of my labor, a pipe burst out near Shamokin, and I had to begin all over again. Strong man that I was, I sat down and wept because I had read that Cyrus Field did it when the first cable broke, and I thought it would look well in my autobiography. You see, I always had an eye to the book. Well, at last, after many failures, the poor boy who had left his father's house, like Wyckoff the Worker, without a cent and only the clothes upon his back, introduced sewing machine oil into every house in New York City and became a millionaire. But if I had given up pipe laying when the first pipe broke I'd be nowhere today."

"Then why not call your book 'From Pipe Layer to President?'" said I, but his car went off the track then, and he didn't hear me.

REGINALD QUIVER.

In Kansas City thermometers registered 5 below zero at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. Similar weather prevailed throughout Kansas.

HOW AGUINALDO WON LEADERSHIP

First Authoratative Sketch of the Daring Young Filipino's Career.

Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy, the president of the Filipinos, is little more than thirty years of age. He was born in Imus, a little village near Cavite. His father was a planter, and the son was sent first to the College of St. Jean de Lateran, then to the University of St. Thomas in Manila. The youth's education cost the father much privation, for the cost of pursuing a course of study at these institutions is not less than 1,200 francs a year, and the elder Aguinaldo had great difficulty to make both ends meet.

At St. Jean de Lateran the student is drilled in Spanish and Latin and the classics, and when he is able to translate the masterpieces of Rome with facility, he is ready for the University at St. Thomas. This, like the college, is under the Dominicans. In the university, the principal studies are physics, metaphysics, theology, jurisprudence, law and medicine.

HE WAS A POOR STUDENT.

Aguinaldo was adjudged a very dull student, and gave no promise of distinction. In fact, the Dominicans finally sent him home in sheer despair. Aguinaldo then entered the normal school of the Jesuits. Here he made some progress; but at this time his father died, when the youth was forced to return home to take care of his patrimony, which was threatened by the lawsuits instituted by the Order of the Recollectos—an organization composed of the greatest land proprietors of the colony.

It was in 1892 that Dr. Rizal created the Philippine League, the object of which was to unite politically the various parts of the Archipelago. Rizal was banished, but shortly afterward the order of Katipunan was formed, which soon had more than 250,000 members. The object of this society was co-operation for the protection of the colonists.

SHOOTS A SPANISH OFFICER.

The government, then fearing an alliance of this society with the Free Masons and the various secret orders hostile to Spanish rule, began to take active measures against it. Aguinaldo was suspected of being one of the leaders. A Spanish officer, with a squad of native soldiers, came to arrest him. Aguinaldo, when confronted by the officer, promptly shot him, then eloquently appealed to his companions to leave the service of their foreign oppressors and strike a blow for liberty.

The soldiers received his words with acclaim, and instantly chose him as their leader. He then sought the fastnesses of the forest, where he was soon joined by thousands of his countrymen—all flaming to join the standard of revolt.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Aguinaldo is short of stature, with a well-knit figure. He has the Japanese cast of face and wears a black pompadour, which heightens that impression. His countenance is imperturbable; it is notable for its serious expression. During the rebellion he was hourly in fear of assassination, for a reward of $25,000 had been offered by the Spaniards for his head, and this prize had brought into his camp a host of mercenaries seeking a convenient opportunity to gain the coveted reward. He has unbounded influence with his countrymen, and no one betrayed him or attempted to make an assault upon his life for the reward.

The headquarters of Aguinaldo were in the former house of a rich native of Cavite. With him were his staff and his mother and several of his relatives. These he kept with him to secure them from Spanish vengeance. In front of the broad, roomy house, is a paved court, and on each side a trusted number of stalwart insurgents constantly kept guard. The uniform of these soldiers is a cheap native homespun; their arms are of the crudest description; but they made up in loyalty what they lacked in training.

The general himself usually wore a spotless suit of white linen, a white shirt, with a well polished front, a high collar and a black necktie. He wore red velvet slippers, embroidered in gold. In his office was a modern desk—piled high with documents—a large mirror, two large, strong, iron boxes—which served as a safe for the moneys of the insurgent government—and a grand piano of Spanish make. Against a hatrack leaned the rebel standard, and on the wall hung a map of the province. This the general used to scan eagerly, tracing the movements and disposition of his troops.

HOW AGUINALDO GOVERNS.

Aguinaldo was usually surrounded by various members of his staff, none of whom, however, was as impressive as himself. I believe Aguinaldo to be sincere and patriotic. He has surely proved himself an able general. He is bravery personified, and inasmuch as the Filipinos admire this above all other attributes, Aguinaldo is always at the head. He is a born leader, and has just enough tact to adopt expediencies and make compromises, yet not seem to do so.

In everything he takes the initiative; in no event does he consult any one. He brooks no opposition; he has had no rivals in reality; there have been one or two would-be ones, but they could not withstand him. He is perhaps not always scrupulous as to the attainment of his ends, yet his proclamations are wise and moderate, his conduct all one would desire in even a European dictator. Moreover, few have shown themselves so modest and so merciful.

There is a tremendous magnetism about the man, and whenever he addresses his troops, he holds them with a grip that would be spellbound but for the rapt attention and for the devotion that is vociferously manifested. The natives, too, seem to be tractable, as well as unwilling to get away from his power; and, to all appearance, he is to the islanders the man of the hour.

Of course I do not agree with him in everything he does, but, knowing his sincerity, and believing that he makes his spectacular display merely to impress the natives, and hold their allegiance, I therefore admire him and hope that the Americans will co-operate with him to give us a stable Philippine government. At all events, the man's strong personality, and his large following, cannot, I believe, well be ignored by the American government.

ORDERING NEW ROLLING STOCK

D. & R. G. RAILWAY PLACE LARGE ORDERS.

More Light Thrown On the Recent Western Passenger Association's Meeting at Chicago—Notes.

As already announced, the Denver & Rio Grande is to inaugurate a dining car service in connection with the Western on March 1. The company has now placed its order for three of the cars with the Ohio Falls Car Manufacturing company. In addition to this, the road has ordered 500 box cars of 60,000 pounds capacity (Chicago grain doors), 250 coal cars of 80,000 pounds capacity and 250 stock cars of 60,000 pounds capacity.

The Denver & Rio Grande certainly is in it. E. T. Jeffrey, president and general manager, writes to the Railway Age as follows in regard to the work on the La Veta Pass narrow gauge line: "We will standard gauge our line from La Veta to Alamosa, a distance of sixty miles, which is now narrow gauge, and in doing this we build twenty-six and three-quarters miles of new road in a new location, and widen the gauge of nearly thirty-four miles. The contracts for the work are let, the principal contractors being Messrs. Clough and Anderson of Colorado Springs. The maximum grades over the summit will be 3 per cent westbound and 2½ per cent eastbound; the greatest length of 3 per cent grade, thirteen miles. There will be three tunnels, aggregating about 1,500 feet, all to be cut through solid rock. The maximum curvature will be 12 degrees. No new securities will be issued, but the expenditure will be met out of assets in the treasury."

PASSENGER ASSOCIATION.

More Light On the Recent Meeting at Chicago.

Chicago papers throw more light on the recent meeting of the passenger officials at that place. The Inter Ocean says:

From present indications it will be impossible to form a passenger association embracing all the railroads in the west. A number of passenger officials of trans-Missouri lines refused to attend the meeting for the purpose of reorganizing the Western Passenger association, and the chief object of the meeting was thereby frustrated. Yesterday it was decided to adjourn, to meet at the call of Chairman Caldwell, after his return from his trip to California. Under the circumstances, nothing could be done toward a reorganization of the western immigration bureau. George A. Cullen, the able manager of the bureau, returns today from New York. Two of the western lines most interested in immigrant traffic have refused to join the bureau, alleging that they are in doubt as to the legality of it, in view of the decision of the supreme court against the Joint Traffic association. It is beyond dispute that the bureau maintained at New York by the western lines has saved ignorant immigrants from the snares of the irresponsible individual agents once so numerous. Now only two or three men are engaged in the business, and they are practically in the employ of certain railroads. It is alleged that among these roads are some which also belong to the western immigrant bureau.

STILL MAKING RECORDS.

Southern Pacific Runs 800 Miles In Three Days.

This very entertaining story and most deserved "roast" of the Southern Pacific is found in the San Francisco Call: One of the best illustrations of the necessity for a genuine competing continental railroad was shown by the handling of the trainload of tea that arrived in this port on the new Japanese steamship Nippon Maru. The shipment was destined for eastern markets, and owing to the hot competition with the Canadian line it was desired to make such time as would show the advantage of transporting tea cargoes through this port.

The eastern railroad companies being up to date and recognizing the importance of this movement, determined to convince shippers that there is no need to look further for the best and fastest service from San Francisco to the cities beyond the Rockies.

The lot consisted of seven carloads, and from Denver eastward was handled by the Burlington company, who furnished special freight train service and rushed the goods through to Chicago, a distance of 1,025 miles, in thirty-five hours and forty-seven minutes. This time was only three hours longer than the regular limited vestibule train service of that company. In other words, they did everything in their power to encourage the shipment of goods from the Orient via San Francisco.

What the Southern Pacific did in this direction is another story. The tea left this city on the morning of the 18th inst., composing a part of one of the regular "tri-weekly" passenger trains of that enterprising corporation, and finally got to Ogden before the goods spoiled. By the economy of axle grease, coal, wear and tear on the roadbed and rolling stock, not mentioning the nervous system of the employees, Uncle Collis turned the cars over to the Denver & Rio Grande company on the 21st inst., or about three days after their shipment from this port. The distance to Ogden is a little less than 800 miles. The Denver & Rio Grande transported the cars to Denver, an equal distance, and turned them over to the Burlington on the afternoon of the 23d inst.

To make the illustration plain and comprehensive it is only necessary to state that through the remarkable enterprise of the Southern Pacific company the tea arrived at Denver, covering a distance of about 1,600 miles, in five and a half days, and after being taken in charge by the Burlington was transported 1,025 miles in less than thirty-six hours.

Railroad men are trying to figure out where the tea would now be if the Southern Pacific service had extended to the Windy City, and how long it would be under such circumstances before another cargo of tea would come this way.

Railway Notes.

Railway Age: The Babcock & Wilcox company, New York, have taken from Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. what is believed to be the largest stationary boiler order that has ever been placed. The boilers are for the power plant which the Westinghouse Electric company have contracted to build for the Third Avenue Railroad company at Two Hundred and Twelfth street and Harlem river, New York City, and which is to be constructed by Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. The order covers sixty Babcock & Wilcox forged steel type boilers of 250 horse-power each, or an aggregate of 31,200 horse-power. The boilers are to be capable of carrying 200 pounds' steam pressure. They will supply steam for compound condensing engines of 64,000 nominal horse-power in the aggregate.

The Western ran a party of excursionists to Tintic yesterday.

A number of stockmen returned from Denver last night.

NEZ PERCES RIGHT OF WAY

HOUSE COMMITTEE SAYS IDAHO FARMERS NEED AN OUTLET.

Report Sets Out That the Opening of the Reservation Has Brought Extensive Settlements.

(Special Correspondence.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 26.—The house committee on Indian affairs has, through Representative Curtis of Kansas, made a favorable report on a bill granting right of way through the old Nez Perces reservation. In its report the committee says the opening of the reservation has been followed by settlement of several thousand white settlers upon the lands thus restored, and, "although the country has heretofore been remote from railroads, such extensive settlements have now stimulated active railroad construction to such extent that the committee believes that the bill as introduced and reported, in granting permission to all railroad companies desiring to construct roads through the diminished agency reservations and the lands of individual allottees, is in the public interest rather than the passage of special bills for particular corporations.

"This bill requires the maps of route to be approved by the secretary of the interior, and the compensation to be paid for such right of way to such Indian allottees must also be fixed by that official. In this instance the committee believes that the compensation to be paid as required by the secretary would exceed what would be allowed by a local court, and without expense to the Indians. One railroad is now built to the line of these lands and must go through the present season to enable the settlers to plant and harvest much larger crops which can be carried out for them by rail during the coming fall, where as they are now required, in some instances, to haul their farm products sixty miles or more over mountain roads."

It seems certain that either this bill or one of the senate bills of kindred import will be adopted at the present session of congress.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.

Plans Completed For Two New and Important Branches.

Chicago, Jan. 28.—The Chicago & Northwestern has completed plans for the construction of a new line running from Dennison to Wall Lake, Ia. From the latter point a new branch will be built to Mondamin, on the line of the Sioux City & Pacific. The entire length of the two additions to the company's system will be 101 miles. The new road will open up a very valuable section of agricultural country which has hitherto had few railway facilities. Work of construction will be begun in the early spring and will be completed during the season.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

Awkwardly Worded Paragraphs Found In Newspapers.

(Washington Star.)

"No person," wrote an imaginative undertaker, "ever having tried one of these air-tight coffins of ours will ever use any other."

This is supplemented by the truthful but discouraging advertisement of a dentist: "Teeth extracted with great pains."

A western farmer advertizes for a woman to "wash, iron and milk two cows."

An advertisement once appeared in a Washington paper for "a room for a young man 10 by 12."

This is an advertisement from the columns of an English court journal: Blankets! Blankets! Blankets! For domestic and charitable purposes of every description, quality, size and weight."

The following advertisement is from an Australian paper: "Wanted, a young woman (the plainer the better) to help a small, genteel family in their domestic matters; one without ringlets preferred."

An American paper published in Paris recently contained the following unique advertisement: "A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."

Here is a specimen of domestic advertising from the columns of the London Times: "Mrs. George Ashton 5 Victoria street, Westminster, takes this opportunity of thanking her numerous friends for their kind letters of sympathy on the dissolution of her marriage."

The court of Schleswig-Holstein once issued the following curious notice: "At the request of Herr Peter Lohmann of Altona, the seaman Dietrich Lohmann, who was born in Kirchmoor in November, 1848, and was drowned on the journey from Stockton to Hamburg while sailing in the ship Bertha Jenny, is hereby called upon to appear before this court and report himself on or before Friday, January 20, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m., under pain of being declared dead."

KEEP ER SHUFFLIN'.

(Baltimore American.)

Ain't no use fo' to wo'y an' fret,
Keep er shufflin' frew er snow!
Watch yo' kyards an' you'll get dah yet,
Keep er shufflin' frew er snow!
Done took some time to build dis yearth,
Tears ain't in it wif smiles an' mirth,
Button yo' coat an' tighten yo' girth,
Keep er shufflin' frew er snow!

Ain't no use fo' to moan an' to groan,
Keep er shufflin' frew er snow!
De good Lawd bring yo' to yo' own,
Keep er shufflin' frew er snow!
Dem ole clouds soon will roll erway,
Frost got er come, an' so has May!
Roses bloom bimeby some day,
Keep er shufflin' frew er snow!

All the Same to Him.

(Chicago Tribune.)

The traveling lecturer was occupying his time between stations by jotting down in his notebook a few impressions for future use.

Observing that the man in the seat directly in his rear was looking over his shoulder, he turned over a leaf and began to write in shorthand.

"Ah," gentlly observed the traveler behind his, presently, "you use the Pitman system, don't you? So do I."